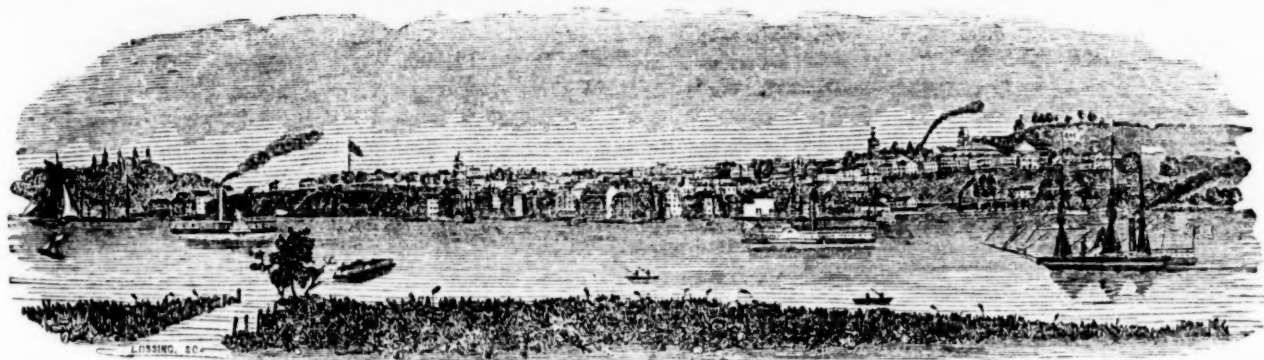


THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

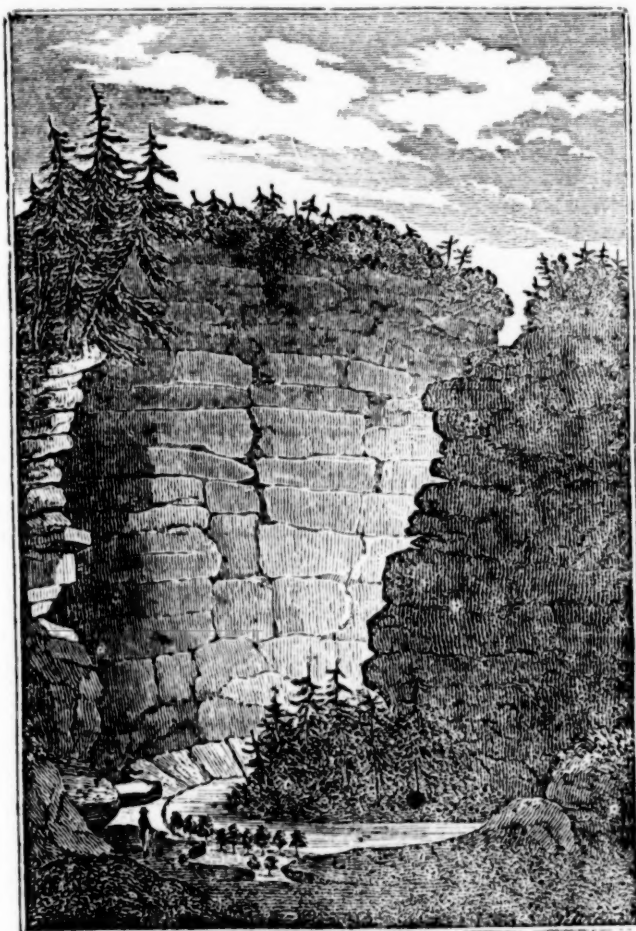
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THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.



THE Falls of St. Anthony are more famous than remarkable; the Indian traditions and romances that are connected with it give it more fame and celebrity than the falls themselves. Situated on the Mississippi, breaking up the navigation between the upper and lower sections of that river, and there being no direct communication by water with it, little or no intercourse is had with the falls by strangers.

The entire fall is about 65 feet; the engraving represents a very picturesque and beautiful gorge

in the mountain at the foot of the falls, which is a greater curiosity than the fall of the water. The rocks about, extend two hundred feet up in the air, and are of light sand stone, almost white, covered with brush cedar, which in a moonlight night when one is alone and far from his friends, taking a back woods sleep under a tree, being now and then disturbed by the cry of the panther, makes him feel quite melancholy.

The scene presents nothing of that majesty and awe which is experienced in the gulf below the cat-

aract of Niagara. We do not hear that deep and appalling tone in the roar of waters, nor do we feel the tremulous motion of the rocks under our feet which impresses the visitor at Niagara with an idea of *greatness* that its magnificent outline of rock and water would not independently create. The falls of St. Anthony however present attractions of a different nature, and have a simplicity of character which is very pleasing. The falls were first visited by father Hennepin in 1689, who gave them the present name, out of respect to his patron saint. Their original name in Sioux language, was Owah-Menah, meaning falling water.

"These Falls seem to be the grand head-quarters for the eagles of the wilderness, which congregate here in great numbers. At one moment a hungry individual might be seen, struggling with the bass or trout, directly in the pure foam; and then another, with well-filled crop, high up in heaven, would be floating on his tireless pinions. At another time too, you might see a perfect crowd of them, hovering over the body of some floating animal which had lost his life while attempting to cross the upper rapids, and fearful indeed would be the shriek of conflict between those warriors of the air.

"Associated with the Falls of St. Anthony is the following Indian legend. A Chippeway woman, the daughter of a chief, and the wife of a warrior, had been cruelly treated by her faithless husband. She was not beautiful, but young and proud, and the mother of a lovely daughter-child. Goaded to the quick by repeated wrongs, she finally resolved to release herself from every trouble, and her child from evil friends, by departing for the Spirit-Land, and the Falls were to be the gateway to that promised heaven. It was an Indian summer evening, and nature was hushed into a deep repose. The mother and her child were alone in their wigwam, within sight and hearing of the Falls, and the father was absent on a hunting expedition. The mother kissed and caressed her darling, and then dressed it with all the ornaments in her possession, while from her own person she rejected every article of clothing which she had received from her husband and arrayed herself in richer garments which she had made with her own hands. She then obtained a full-blown lily, and crushing its petals and break-

its stem, she placed it on a mat in the centre of her lodge, as a memorial of her wrongs. All things being ready, she seized the child, hastened to the river, and in a moment more was floating on the treacherous stream. According to a universal Indian custom, she sang a wild death-song—for a moment her canoe trembled on the brow of the watery precipice, and in an instant more the mother and child were forever lost in the foam below."

TALES.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

THE MOTHER.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"Come, dear," said Mrs. Burton to a bright looking child about three years old, who was amusing himself with his playthings—"It is your own bed time."

The happy voice of the little fellow changed to a fretful tone.

"I don't want to go to bed, mother," he said.

"O yes! It is Charley's bed time, now. Come, dear: here is your night gown."

"No—no—I don't want to go to bed." The child spoke impatiently.

"Not want to go into your nice warm crib?"

"No, I don't?"

Charley's sweet little face had now lost its lovely expression. His rosy lips were pouted out, his white brows contracted, and his eyes fixed and stern in childish rebellion.

"No, I don't!" he repeated.

"But it's Charley's bed time," urged the mother, in so calm a voice, that the father, whose impatient rebellious spirit had been reproduced in his child, could hardly refrain from a strong expression of reproof to his wife for not at once enforcing obedience.

"I don't want to go to bed?"

The lips of Mr. Burton parted, and he was about to utter a stern command to the child; but he restrained himself with an effort, and rising from his chair commenced pacing the floor. Mrs. Burton knew very well what was passing in the mind of her husband, for she understood his impatient temper. He never could bear the least opposition or reluctance from his children. Implicit obedience, on the instant, he laid down as the only law by which children could be rightly governed and yet few were more impatient than he of all restraint upon his freedom of action, or more unwilling to do either right or wrong on the instant, if any immediate change in the state of his feelings were required.

"Charley!" said Mrs. Burton in so cheerful and pleasant a tone, that the child's feelings instantly changed, and he answered quiet as cheerfully, while the whole expression of his face altered—

"What, dear mother?"

"Don't you want to hear a pretty little story about a lamb, that went away from its mother, and got lost in the woods?"

"Oh, yes! Tell me about the lamb," eagerly returned the child, running up to his mother and climbing into her lap.

As soon as Mrs. Burton had Charley in her arms, she said.

"I'll tell you the story up stairs," and she immediately arose with him and left the room.

"He'd have no story about a lamb from me,"

muttered the father when alone. "I'd let him know, that when I spoke to him, he had to mind. The child will be ruined, if he is allowed to have his own way."

It was nearly five minutes before Mr. Burton could so far compose himself, as to resume the perusal of his newspaper received by the evening mail.

Meantime the mother had retired to the chamber above, with her little rebellious subject in her arms, who repeated at least half a dozen times before she was ready to begin the story—

"Tell about the dear little lamb, mother."

Mrs. Burton repeated, in a low, impressive, yet tender voice, Mrs. Barbauld's story of the lamb that wandered from the sheep fold, and came near being destroyed by wolves; and while she was doing so, she was removing the listener's clothes, and putting on his night-gown, while all feeling of reluctance, or thought of resistance, was far from his mind. After she had finished both story and the preparation for bed, the child looked up into her face and said—

"Aint I a little lamb, mother? Aint I your lamb?"

"Yes, you are my innocent little lamb. I hope you will never wander away, upon the cold, dark mountain where the wolves are."

"Oh, no. I'll always stay here with you mother."

"But the wolves will come even here, darling if you don't take care."

"Here?" The child look frightened.

"Yes, love. They were here to night."

Charley still looked in his mother's face with wondering eyes.

"You are not a lamb like the creatures out in the fields that you saw yesterday, all covered with warm soft wool. But inside of you there is something just like the innocent lambs, and when you are naughty, and don't mind father and mother, but say 'I won't,' and feel and look very angry then the wolves come and eat up the dear lambs, in your heart."

All this the child but dimly understood, but he believed that it was all so, because his mother had told him. His sweet young face grew serious, and he said—

"I won't let the wolves come in any more."

"No, love, never let them come again," said the mother, as she drew his head close down upon her bosom.

"Let me say my prayers now," spoke up the child, in a moment after, and he dropped down beside his mother, and with his dimpled hands clasped together, lisped "Our Father" &c.

"Sing 'Hush my Babe,' won't you mother?" he asked as she laid him in his crib.

Mrs. Burton bent over her innocent child, and sung, in a low voice, the beautiful cradle hymn which has lulled into sweet slumber millions of christian children. She had reached only to the conclusion of the second verse, when Charley was asleep. The mother looked down upon him with a smiling lip and a moistening eye, for the space of a minute and then after tucking the clothes snugly around him, gave him a gentle kiss, and withdrew from the chamber, the very atmosphere of which seemed breathed by angels."

On the next evening, it happened that the mother was away at tea time, a very unusual thing, and Mr. Burton and his little pet—for, when Charley did not exhibit any naughty temper, his father felt

the most tender love for him, and always called him his "pet"—were alone at the table. The novelty of the thing pleased the child much. He did not want to be taken down, even after his father had arisen.

"Let Hannah take Charley down," said the father, kindly.

"Oh—no—Hannah shan't take Charley down!" returned the child, pouting out his lips, and shaking himself impatiently.

"Yes, yes, Hannah must take him down."

Mr. Burton now spoke positively.

"No—no"—opposed the little fellow.

"Charley, if you don't get down from the table Hannah must take you right away to bed."

But Charley was immovable.

"Hannah, take him up to bed!" said the father sternly.

His nurse lifted the child, now screaming and struggling from his chair, and carried him quickly from the room. From the chamber above, his cries came ringing down into the ears of the father, causing him to feel excited and impatient, as well as indignant, at this rebellion against his authority. Still the scream were continued, until Mr. Burton's indignation arose into a firm resolution to stop them by a mode of argumentation altogether different from what the mother ordinarily employed on similar occasions. Throwing down the newspaper that he had been trying to read, the father arose and went up stairs with a quick, firm step. He found Charley struggling vigorously with his nurse, his face red with passion. Taking him from her arm, he shook him severely and then, with angry words, administered half a dozen severe blows. This was effectual. The frightened child hushed its screams on the instant, and turned upon his father, a look of blended fear and pain that haunted him for weeks afterwards.

When about an hour subsequent to this, Mr. Burton returned to the chamber, in order to make some slight alteration in his dress, preparatory to going for his wife, who was spending the evening from home, the first sound that fell upon his ear, was a sigh, or, more properly speaking, a sob from the crib where lay the sleeping child. He went up close to the little bed, with the light in his hand, thinking that Charley was still awake. But no—he was sound asleep; but the usual sweet, innocent, happy expression, was not upon his face. His lips were compressed, grievously, and there were two or three lines upon his forehead. Mr. Burton looked at him, until another sob struggled up from his bosom, and then he turned away with a feeling about his heart that was by no means comfortable.

When he met his wife, she enquired, with a smile, how he and Charley had got along in her absence.

"Oh, very well," he replied. But there was something in his manner that did not agree with his lips in saying "very well." On their way home, she asked again about Charley, and then Mr. Burton told her of what had occurred, and did it with the fullest justification of what he had done. The mother made no objection, but she sighed, and did not converse any longer in a free, cheerful way. On arriving at home, they went up into the chamber where the child slept. As they opened the door, Mr. Burton heard the same deep sigh, or sob, that had before fallen reprovingly upon his ear. He did not go near the child's bed, but the mother went to the crib and stood long gazing into the still, troubled face of the

young sleeper. When he sighed she sighed in response, but without remarking that she did so.

Mrs. Burton said nothing in objection to her husband's mode of quieting the rebellious Charley, but she resolved never again to leave to his peculiar discipline, at the close of a long day, a weary, fretful, and impatient child. And she kept her resolution.

As Charles Burton grew older, notwithstanding his mother's most earnest efforts to keep all evil passions, wrong tempers, and perverse tendencies quiescent, by bringing whatever was opposite to them into activity in his mind; and his father's more rigid and imperious system of enforcing obedience on all occasions, and at any cost, the manifestation of his natural character was such as to give both of his parents much anxiety and pain. He was self-willed, impatient of control, and even rebelled against punishment, whether mild, or severe.

At the age of eleven years, Charles met with the saddest misfortune that could have befallen him, in the death of his gentle, forbearing, long-suffering mother. For a time, her loving spirit seemed ever present with the father, when he thought of Charles, and this softened his imperious temper, and made him treat the lad's faults with more than his usual forbearance. But, after awhile, his natural state of mind returned, and his son felt his iron hand upon him. The effect was evil, and not good. Charles hid his faults for fear of punishment, and indulged them in spite of the terrors of the rod, which he knew would inevitably follow detection.

The boy's repeated acts of disobedience and wrong, soured the father's temper towards him. He rarely saw him without administering a rebuke, and never spoke kindly to him, nor sought, as his mother had done, to win him from his perverse ways by love. Often, after having been driven from his father's presence with angry words, or, perhaps, punished with blows for some glaring act of disobedience, Charles would lie awake for hours, thinking of his mother until his heart would become softened, and he would weep bitterly. He generally felt better after this, and would sink into a peaceful sleep, in which a dream, perhaps, of her whose image had presented itself and called up old and better feelings, would make bright the darkness in which his soul was enshrouded.

As the boy grew older, and all his natural tempers gained strength, he openly rebelled against his father's coercive system of government, and, at his sixteenth year, went away, not only from his house, but from the city, determined to be free from all restraints. He was pursued and brought back; but he went off again, at the first opportunity, this time taking from his father about a hundred dollars in money.

Mr. Burton was deeply distressed, as well he might be. He could gain no information of Charles for at least four months, when he heard of him as being in Cincinnati, and acting in the capacity of bar-tender, in a low drinking house. He immediately proceeded to the West, and with the assistance of an officer, took possession of him and brought him back. The arrest, in a public place, of Charles, by direction of his father, embittered the lad's feelings still more against him. To threats of sending him to the House of Refuge, he opposed merely a sullen silence. He made no promises of future good conduct; showed no signs

of penitence, he refused to go to school, or to enter into any employment, and at the first chance escaped again, and left the city. For months his father sought to find him but in vain; and, finally, the search was abandoned as hopeless. A long time passed before the father and son again met.

One day, about four years from the period at which the lad took his final leave of home, a young man, dressed but indifferently well, landed at Louisville from a boat just arrived from New Orleans, and took lodgings at a second class hotel. Though young, he looked as if he had met with some rough usage in the world, and had also indulged himself in sensual pleasures to excess. Nor, were the marks of evil passions less distinct in his face than these.

He remained at the hotel where he had stopped for two days, going out but little, when he was joined by a man much older than himself, who came in the next boat that arrived from below. The two men held long conferences with each other, at nights, but never appeared together in the day time; and, if they happened to meet, passed without the slightest sign of recognition. But this appearance of being strangers did not deceive the hotel keeper. He had seen one of them before, and had his own reasons for believing that they understood each other very well, and had met in Louisville for the purpose of executing some well concocted scheme of villany. In this he was confirmed, on learning from a servant that he had seen one of them several times, late at night, passing from the room of the other. As soon as this kind of evidence came to his knowledge, he communicated with the police, who soon had the two men under close, but unsuspected observation.

On the evening of the third day after the arrival of the last of the two men, they met about nine o'clock in the room of the one first alluded to. The door was carefully locked, and the following conversation took place in a low whisper:

"You are sure no one sleeps in the store?"

"Quite sure. I got it out of that talkative lad yesterday; and to-day, in reply to some remark I appeared incidentally to make, he confirmed it."

"Very well. All so far, so good. I've never yet killed any one, and would rather avoid doing so if possible. I'm glad the coast is clear. But how shall we make our entrance? The lamp opposite gives too much light to think of trying the shutters or door, and the rear windows are at least ten feet from the ground, and overlooked by the back buildings of the — House, from which here would be great danger of observation from some of the retiring boarders."

"I've got all that straight enough," was replied to this. "A lucky thought struck me this morning. The store adjoining is vacant, you know; I called upon the owners to-day and got the keys under pretence of wishing to rent it. These I took to a certain individual I happen to know and had others made; I have tried them and they will open the door. The true keys I have returned, promising to see the parties owning the store on Monday."

The false keys were here produced, and the speaker added.

"With these we can enter the vacant store to-night, and cut our way through the wall without risk of detection."

"Capital!"

"Nothing could be better. Before three o'clock to-morrow morning we will be dashing away

through Indiana with some ten thousand dollars worth of jewelry apiece, to the tune of 'catch me if you can?'"

The companion in evil laughed silently at the assurance of success this arrangement seemed to guarantee.

After a conference of over an hour, in which all the minutiae of the proceedings about to be undertaken were carefully discussed and settled, even to the extent of resistance to be made in case of surprise, the two men parted, with the understanding that they were to approach the store to be robbed from two different points, and to meet there precisely at twelve o'clock.

The younger of the two men, when left alone, sat nearly half an hour by the table at which his conference had been held, with his forehead resting upon his hand. Then rising slowly, as if his mind were too much disturbed to allow him to remain seated, he straightened himself up, muttering in an under tone as he did so—

"Charles Burton! has it come to this?"

The young man stood, with folded arms, for some five minutes, his eyes resting upon the floor. Then he sunk into the chair from which he had arisen, and again rested his head upon his hand. Better thoughts were struggling for entrance into his mind, and better feelings for possession of his heart. There was a strong conflict between good and evil; the first conflict of the kind that had occurred for a year, and the most vigorous for many years. All the plans for this, his first great sin against the laws of his country and the rights and property of his neighbors, had been well digested and the course of action settled, and now there occurred a brief space between the fully arranged intention and the act; and in this pause reflection came. He tried hard to thrust these intruding and unwelcome thoughts from his mind; but the more he tried to obviate or cast them away the more vividly did they present themselves.

It was past eleven o'clock, and all was still throughout the house. Most of the boarders had gone to bed, and the loungers in the bar-room below had, one after another, retired. The very silence seemed to give these bitter thoughts a power over the young man's mind, and make it more difficult for him to thrust them out. Just as this conflict was at its height, and the unhappy object of it was fighting with all his strength against the inflowing good impulses, the faint cry of a child was heard coming through the silence from a distant part of the house. Involuntarily, he hesitated—it was continued—but soon there arose a sweet voice that drowned the child's unquiet murmur—

"Hush my babe! lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed.
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head."

Back, back through years of sin and suffering did the mind of Charles Burton return with electric speed. He was a child again, and he heard only his mother's voice singing to him these old words in the old familiar air. He was kneeling by her side—he was lying on her bosom—he saw her bending over him as he lay in his little bed—he felt her kiss upon his cheek—her hand upon his brow.

From this dream of innocence and love he slowly awoke to the stern and cruel reality of the present, and the strong man was bowed and he wept like a child. A thought of the evil he was about to commit flitted across his mind, and caused him

to shudder; he turned from it with a feeling of horror. He could not get away from the impression that his mother was near him and looking into his heart that was so full of evil influences.

Not long did the repentant young man remain in the room where he had so lately agreed with an accomplice to do a deed of crime. With a small bundle in his hand he stole quietly from the house, half an hour before the time at which he was to be at the jewelry store, and walked hastily to the water, he unfasted a small boat and pushed off into the river. With his utmost strength he pulled across and landed just above the falls. A mile from Jeffersonville, in a dense piece of wood, for which he made direct, he found two horses tied. Mounting one of them, he picked his way through the forest and was soon upon the main road, and on his way to Indianapolis. Here he remained for a few days, undetermined what to do, or which way to proceed. On the second day the newspapers brought intelligence of an attempted robbery of a store in Louisville with the apprehension of the robber in the act of cutting through the wall from an adjoining vacant building. The account stated that the police had been watching the movement of the fellow, who was an old offender, for some days, and that he had an accomplice, who, from some cause or other, deserted him at the last moment.

When young Burton read this he could not but tremble at the narrow escape he had made, nor help blessing that memory of his mother which had come to him and saved him just as he was about committing a deed that would have wrought his hopeless ruin.

Six years from the day his son left home for the last time, Mr. Burton received a letter from him dated Galena. It was the first intelligence that had come to him since that unhappy separation. Its contents were brief, but satisfactory as to the present well-doing of the writer. Duty, not affection, had evidently prompted the epistle. In writing it, the son had felt too deeply the evil and suffering into which he had fallen on account of his father's harsh treatment, to be able to write with anything more than a cold and explicit formality. There was one expression in the letter which gave the father both pleasure and pain. It was this:—

"My mother's memory saved me, when I was on the brink of ruin."

Mr. Burton answered this letter with a warmth and tenderness that softened the young man's heart towards him. A year afterwards they met. A veil was thrown over the past, and neither hand has since withdrawn it.

THE OLD CLOCK;

OR

"Here she goes—There she goes!"

SOME years ago there came to this country a family from England, who settled on the upper part of this island, and opened a public house. Among their chattels was an old family clock, which they prized more for its age than its actual value, although it had told the hours for years on years with the most commendable fidelity. This clock is now situated in one of the private parlors of the house, and many a time has been the theme of remark, in consequence of its solemnly antique exterior.

A few days since, about dusk, a couple of mad wags drove up to the door of the hotel, seated in a light and beautiful wagon, drawn by a superb bay horse. They sprang out—ordered the ostler to pay every attention to the animal, and to stable him for the night. Entering the hotel, they tossed off a glass of wine a-piece, bemoaned a cigar, and directed the landlord to provide the best game supper in his power.—There was a winsome look in the countenance of the elder—a bright sparkling in his eyes, which occasionally he half closed in a style that gave him the air of "a knowing one," and a slight curving of the corners of the mouth that showed his ability to enjoy, while his whole demeanor made every acute observer, sure of his ability to perpetrate a joke. Now and then, when his lips parted, and he ran his fingers through his hair with a languid expression, it was evident he was eager to be to work in his vocation—that of a practical joker! The other was a dapper young man, although different in appearance, yet with features which indicated that his was well fitted to be a successful copartner with his mate and a dry pun or a gravely-delivered witticism was frequently worked off with an air of philosophy or unconcern that gave him at once the credit of being a first-rate wit. Supper on the table, these two Yankees were not dull, as a couple generally will be at table, but made mirth, and laughter, and wit their companions; and as Wine, in his parti-colored, flowing robes, presided, there was a "set out" fit for a prince and his associates. The Yankees ate and drank and were right merry, when the old family clock whirled and whizzed as the hammer on the bell struck one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! The elder looked up at the old monitor before him, stuck his elbow on the table and looked again steadily for minute, and then laughed out heartily, awakening the waiter, who was just dozing by the window-sill.

"What in the name of Momus are you laughing at?" asked the dapper Yankee, as he cast his eyes now over the table, now over and around himself to ascertain where the nest of the joke was concealed. The elder winked slyly, and yawning lazily, slowly raised the forefinger of his right hand, and applied it gracefully to his nose. The dapper man understood the hint.

"Oho! I understand. No—you don't come over this child! Waiter, another bottle of champagne!"

The servant left the room, and our heroes, inclining themselves over the table, held a long conversation in a low tone, when the elder of the two raised his voice, and with an air of satisfaction exclaimed—

"Clock always go it?"

Then both cautiously rose from their chairs, and advancing to the clock, turned the key of the door, and looked within, the elder in a half-inquiring, half-decided manner, saying—

"Won't it?"

The waiter was on the stairs, and they returned to the seats in a trice, as if nothing had happened—both scolding the waiter, as he entered, for being so lazy on his errand.

Having heard the clock strike one, they were shown to their beds, where they talked in a subdued tone, and finally sunk to sleep. In the morning they were early up, and ordered their horse to be harnessed and brought to the door. Descending to the bar-room they asked for their bill, and with becoming promptitude paid the amount due over to

the keeper. The elder, perceiving the landlord through the window, placed his arms upon the bar, and in a serious tone inquired of the bar-keeper if he would dispose of the old clock. The young man hesitated—he knew not what to answer. The old clock seemed to him such a miserable piece of furniture that he had an impression that it might as well be his as his employer's yet he could not comprehend why such a person should want such a hideous article. While he was attempting to reply, the good-natured landlord entered, and the question was referred to him for an answer.

"I wish to purchase that old clock up stairs! Will you sell it?" asked the elder Yankee, while the younger lighted a cigar, and cast his eye over the columns of the Sunday Morning News, which lay upon the table. The landlord, who had set no great value upon the clock, except as an heirloom, began to suspect that it might possess the virtues of Martin Heywood's chair, and be filled with dollars; and, almost involuntarily, the three ascended to the room which contained it.

"The fact is," said the Yankee, "I once won a hundred dollars with a clock like that!"

"A hundred dollars?" ejaculated the landlord.

"Yes! You see there was one like it in a room over in Jersey, and a fellow bet me he could keep his forefinger swinging with the pendulum for an hour, only saying 'Here she goes, there she goes.' He couldn't do it. I walked the money out of him in no time."

"You did? You couldn't walk it out of me. I'll bet you fifty dollars I can do it on the spot!"

"Done," cried the Yankee.

The clock struck eight, and his back to the table and the door, the landlord popped into a chair—

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger waved in a curve, his eyes fully fixed on the pendulum. The Yankee behind him interrupted—"Where's the money? Plank the money."

The landlord was not to lose in that way. His forefinger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and his left disengaged his purse from his pocket, which he threw behind him upon the table. All was silent. The dapper man at length exclaimed—

"Shall I deposit the money in the hands of the bar-keeper?"

"Here she goes, there she goes," was the only answer.

One of the Yankees left the room. The landlord heard him go down stairs; but he was not to be disturbed by that trick.

Presently the bar-keeper entered, and touching him upon the shoulder, asked—

"Mr. B—, are you crazy? What are you doing?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded, his hand waving the forefinger as before.

The bar-keeper rushed down stairs; he called one of the neighbors and asked him to go up. They ascended, and the neighbor, seizing him gently by the collar, in an imploring voice, said—

"Mr. B—, do not sit here. Come, come down stairs; what can possess you to sit here?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply, and the solemn face and slowly-moving finger settled the matter. He *was* mad!

"He *is* mad," whispered the friend, in a low voice. "We must go for a doctor."

The landlord was not to be duped; he was not to be deceived although the whole town came to interrupt him.

"You had better call to his wife," added the friend.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" repeated the landlord, and his hand still moved on.

In a minute his wife entered, full of agony of soul. "My dear," she kindly said, "look on me. It is your wife who speaks!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his hand continued to go, but his wife wouldn't go; she would stay, and he thought she was determined to conspire against him and make his lose the wager. She wept, and continued—

"What cause have you for this? Why do you do so? Has your wife?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger seemed to be tracing her airy progress, for anything she could ascertain to the contrary.

"My dear," she still continued, thinking that the thought of his child, whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him, "shall I call up your daughter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" the landlord again repeated, his eyes becoming more and more fixed and glazed, from the steadiness of the gaze. A slight smile, which had great effect upon the minds of those present, played upon his face, as he thought of the many unsuccessful resorts to win him from his purpose, and of his success in baffling them. The physician entered. He stood by the side of the busy man. He looked at him in silence, shook his head, and to the anxious inquiry of the wife, answered—

"No, madam! The fewer persons here the better. The maid had better stay away; do not let the maid!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" yet again, again, in harmony with the waving finger, issued from the lips of the landlord.

"A consultation, I think, will be necessary," said the physician.—"Will you run for Dr. W—ms?"

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat and hurried from the room.

In a few minutes Dr. W—ms, with another medical gentleman, entered.

"This is a sorry sight," said he to the doctor present.

"Indeed it is, sir," was the reply. "It is a sudden attack, one of the"—

"Here she goes, there she goes!" the sole reply.

The physicians stepped into a corner and consulted together.

"Will you be good enough to run for a barber? We must have his head shaved and blistered," said Dr. W—ms.

"Ah, poor, dear husband," said the lady; "I fear he never again will know his miserable wife."

"Here she goes, there she goes!" said the landlord, with a little more emphasis, and with a more nervous, yet determined waving of his finger in concert with the pendulum; for the minute hand was near the twelve—that point which was to put fifty dollars into his pocket, if the hand arrived at it without his suffering himself to be interrupted.

The wife, in a low, bewailing tone, continued her utterances—

"No! never; nor of his daughter!"

"Here she goes, there she goes," almost shouted the landlord, as the minute hand advanced to the desired point.

The barber arrived: he was naturally a talka-

tive man—and when the doctor made some casual remark, reflecting upon the quality of the instrument he was about to use, he replied—

"Ah ha! no, Monsieur, you say vere bad to razor—tres beautiful—ch?—look—look—very fine, isn't she?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" screamed the landlord, his hand waving on—on his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame in readiness to be convulsed with joy.

The barber was amazed. "Here she goes, there she goes," he responded, in the best English he could use—"Vare? vare sall I begin? Vat is dat he say?"

"Shave his head at once!" interrupted the doctor, while the lady sank into a chair.

"Here she goes, there she goes—for the last time!" cried the landlord, as the clock struck the hour of nine, and he sprang from his seat in an ecstasy of delight, screaming at the top of his voice, as he skipped about the room—

"I've won it!—I've won it!"

"What?" said the bar-keeper.

"What?" echoed the doctors.

"What?" re-echoed the wife.

"Why, the wager—fifty dollars!" But, casting his eyes around the room, and missing the young men who induced him to watch the clock, he asked his bar-keeper—

"Where are those young men who supped here last night? ch? quick, where are they?"

"They went away in their wagon nearly an hour ago, sir!" was the reply.

The truth flashed like a thunderbolt through his mind. They had taken his pocket-book with the one hundred and seven dollars therein, and decamped—a couple of swindling sharpers, with wit to back them!—The story is rife on all men's tongues in the neighborhood where this affair occurred, and "the facts are not otherwise than here set down;" but we regret that the worthy landlord, in endeavoring to overtake the rascals, was thrown from his own wagon, and so severely injured as to be confined to his room at the present moment, where he can watch the pendulum of his clock at his leisure.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

No. 9.

READER, what say'st thou for a kindly chat—art thou disposed to listen unto Barry's odd talk? If so, and thou art a maiden, choose thee a quiet corner within thine own room, ("a sunny room," perhaps it may be,) and near a window, where thou mayst if thou wilt look out upon the sunny day. There sit thee down, a rocking chair thy seat, so that thou canst keep time to the music of thine own and Barry's thoughts.—But if thou art a man do as thou pleasest. Now being comfortably "fixed" listen to Barry Gray—for 'tis some time since he has had a chat with you. A month has gone past and brought the summer, with its sunshine and flowers since then—and many pleasant scenes has Barry been a witness of, and pleasant acquaintances has Barry formed in the month gone by.—Among the number Barry would not forget Miss S—, and though 'twas but an hour, that he passed with her, yet so merrily moved it on, that

when he took his leave he felt that he had known her long, though when or where he could not tell—but he was certain they would one day know each other better. Their meeting was not as strangers meet, but as friends in daily intercourse, for a feeling seemed to spring up between them that they were friends and so truly, Barry hopes they are—and kindly greetings to her doth he send.

Barry Gray was present not long since at the wedding of a young and pretty cousin of his, and he tells you truly that 'twas a pleasant scene. Yet in his heart was there mingled joyings and grievings, he joyed because she was happy and the future looked all bright before her—he grieved lest some dark cloud, some cloud without a silvery lining might perchance o'ershadow her path, and the way which now seemed gay with flowers might have some hidden thorns. Yet when the present is sunshine why should we strive to look into the future for shades—they are looming up fast enough with every New-Year's welcome.

The bride, my cousin Fanny is one of those laughter-loving maidens whom we all love, whose face seems a garden of sweet smiles, and whose very voice falls in pleasant music on our hearts.—Yet at times Fanny is sad and then she looks for all the world like, as Barry imagines "Patience on a monument, smiling at grief"—there is an undecided expression in her countenance, as if she knew not whether 'twere best to laugh or weep, when a single word from one she loved would bring the tears or call the smiles.

Is she handsome? you ask—as Barry thinks that she may one day read this, he'll not answer that question—but he will say that she is *his* cousin and Barry is not afraid to keep a mirror in his room.

'Twas a pleasant afternoon in the month of April that the wedding party entered the church. The groom moved up the aisle gazing at vacancy, and Barry could not but imagine that he saw the ghost of some poor departed Caudle, warning him to beware. But it was very evident to Barry that it was too late for any ghost to think of interfering with the arrangements. The bride looked as modest and interesting as young ladies in her situation usually do, though Barry perceived a spice of coquetry flitting around her lips, in the shape of a smile—the last lingering sparkle of her girlhood's life, for a short ceremony, a few words spoken on either side, was all that was between Fanny and her woman's life.—And now they stood at the altar and were pledging themselves one to the other—and an icy feeling stole over Barry's heart as the ceremony went on—whether occasioned by the solemnity of the scene or arising from the chill air of the church he knew not, nor does he know at this day.

When they were married and Fanny had become a wife, of the perfect shower of kisses that fell upon her Barry can give you no idea, you should have been in the — church at the time—the kiss that he received is embalmed in his memory to be called to mind only on days of rejoicing—for truly,

"—instead of sleeping a wink that night,
He was dreaming the following day."

But putting the poetry of the thing entirely aside it was such a kiss as friend James S. S— would say—that you often read about but seldom get—an out-and-out kiss.

Then her sisters how they shed tears and kisses on her. How James D's eyes glistened and Nick

C's beamed gloriously, and Ned T. seemed more full of heart than ever, and his wife Mary was all sunshine—while the silent Mary D. seemed more than happy.—Ned W. looked really weighed down with unutterable good wishes, and Julia so quietly joyful, and Kate seemed so kindly to look on Fanny as though she was pouring blessings on her. And Frank D. looked very funny and his lady full of love—while Jeannie C's large eyes were beaming with soul—and Charley N. seemed in a quiet state of happiness—while Libby M's pale cheeks were tinged with rose. Even staid Charley T. was all smiles and wishes, and Joe R. had a quaint expression of humor about his face that was perfectly irresistible. But Miln D. looked decidedly sad—while Jim H. was as sunny as ever—and Barry Gray they say was looking very wicked. Such an other merry party and such an other time never before was seen. The young groom was in a state of intense excitement lest his young wife should be robbed of all her kisses and there would be none left. But a little while, and the trampling of feet, the rumbling of wheels, the bursting forth of steam and the last good byes were hushed—and naught was heard save the measured stroke of the engine, as the boat ploughed through the water bearing the bridal party on their wedding tour.

But Barry lingered round the church—and when all had gone and the sexton had drawn to the window shades and turned his key upon the outward door—when the old church was left alone and all that seemed of life save the dim light that came feebly struggling through the crevices about the windows, had disappeared—when the sound of voices was hushed within and only the echo of the footsteps that had been were heard as they nestled hurriedly into the dark corners and secret recesses of the church. Then the organ looked grimly down on the pulpit, and the pulpit gazed upon the pews—and the pews in their turn stood in blank amazement gazing at the ceiling—which looked most dark and sad, for they were thinking, thinking, thinking.—Often had they beheld the young mother bearing in her arms her new born babe, pass through the aisle and the mother was full of joy for her babe was about to be blessed—and years would glide on and they would see that child become a woman and on some sunny day, like as that one—would she pass down the aisle leaning on the arm of one whom she called husband—and again years would roll on and children would be around her way, for she had become a mother, and she would pass down the aisle, rich in a mother's joy—and the doors would open once again and that babe, that wife, that mother would be borne for the last time down the aisle—and after that her place would be vacant—her seat would remain unpressed—and the bowed heads, the glazed eyes and sombre suits of those who remained would tell most plainly that she was gone. Then is it to be wondered at that the old church looked so dark—that remembrances of the great passages in human life, which took place within its walls, should make it sad. No, for 'twas meet it should. But as the last rays of the sun came boldly dancing into the church through an unclosed window, the ceiling forgot its gloom—the pews threw off their shadows—even the pulpit, that stern old pulpit grew bright and the organ sent forth its happiest tones—merrily, merrily, it played its bridal song for Fanny's and for Lauren's wedding.

May, 1847.

BARRY GRAY.

BIOGRAPHY.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, the discoverer of the new world, was born in Genoa, about the year 1436. He was educated in the sciences of geometry and astronomy, which form the basis of navigation, and was well versed in cosmography, history, and philosophy, having studied sometime at Pavia. To equip himself more completely for making discoveries, he learned to draw. He entered upon a sea-faring life at the age of 14. He married the daughter of an old Italian seaman, from whose journals and charts he received the highest entertainment. Columbus now conceived his great design of finding India in the west. He knew from observing lunar eclipses that the earth was a sphere, and concluded that it might be travelled over from east to west, or from west to east. Having established his theory and formed his design, he now began to think of the means of carrying it into execution. Deeming the enterprise too great to be undertaken by any but a sovereign state, he applied first, it is said, to the republic of Genoa, or to John II. king of Portugal. He next repaired to Ferdinand, king of Spain. The proposal was rejected by the most learned men in Spain to whom the king had referred it. But by the influence of Juan Perez, a Spanish priest, and Lewis Santangel, an officer of the king's household, queen Isabella was persuaded to listen to his request, and after he had been twice repulsed, recalled him to court. By an agreement with their catholic majesties of April 17, 1492, he was to be viceroy and admiral of all the countries which he should discover, and was to receive one tenth part of the profits accruing from their productions and commerce. He sailed from Palos in Spain, Friday, August 3, 1492, with three vessels, two of which were called *cavavels*, being small vessels without decks, except perhaps at the ends, having on board in the whole, ninety men. He left the Canaries, Sept. 6, and when he was about two hundred leagues to the west, the magnetic needle was observed, Sept. 14, to vary from the polestar. This phenomenon filled the seaman with terror, but his fertile genius by suggesting a plausible reason, in some degree quieted their apprehensions. After being twenty days at sea, without sight of land, some of them talked of throwing their commander into the ocean. All his talents were required to stimulate their hopes. At length, when he was almost reduced to the necessity of abandoning the enterprise, at ten o'clock in the night of Oct. 11th, he saw a light, which was supposed to be on shore, and early next morning, Friday, Oct. 12, land was distinctly seen which proved to be Guanahana, one of the Bahama islands. Thus he effected an object, which he had been twenty years in projecting and executing. At sunrise the boats were manned, and the adven-

turers rowed towards the shore with music and with martial pomp. The coast was covered with people, who were overwhelmed with astonishment. Columbus was first on shore, and was followed by his men. They all kneeling down, kissed the ground with tears of joy, and returned thanks for their successful voyage. This island, which is in north latitude 25, and is sometimes called Cat island, was named by Columbus San Salvador. Having discovered a number of other islands, and among them Cuba, Oct. 27, and Hispaniola, Dec. 6, he began to think of returning. His large ship having been wrecked on the shoals of Hispaniola, he built a fort with her timber, and left behind him a colony of thirty-nine men at the port, which he called Navidad, the nativity, because he entered it on Christmas day. From this place he sailed Jan. 4, 1493. During his passage, when threatened with destruction by a violent storm, he wrote an account of his discoveries on parchment, which he wrapped in a piece of oil cloth and enclosed in a cake of wax. This he put into a tight cask and threw it into the sea, with the hope, that it might be driven on shore, and that his discoveries might not be lost, if the vessel should sink. But he was providentially saved from destruction, and arrived safe at Lisbon, March, 4. On the fifteenth he reached Palos, and was received with the highest tokens of honor, by the king and queen, who now made him admiral of Spain.

Columbus made three more voyages to the western world; one in the autumn of 1493, another in 1498, and the last in 1504; and considerably enlarged the sphere of his discoveries. His latter years were embittered by insult and injury. Complaints of his conduct at Hispaniola in 1499, having been made at court, Bovadilla was dispatched to the island to investigate the charges, and that brutal commissioner sent Columbus to Europe in irons. For this shameful indignity he received but an imperfect reparation. He died May 20, 1506.

MISCELLANY.

THE MAN WHO WHALED HIS SHADOW.

THE Prisoners' dock of the First Municipality was fragrant with the odors of whiskey and tobacco, and the rooms in which the vagrant slept the preceding night, diffused noxious exhalations though the limpid atmosphere; but the occupants, like angels' visits, were "few and far between." In the guard-house, however, there was an individual who deserves a special notice. By way of fortifying himself for the bombardment that took place yesterday, he dug a trench in loose change, and filled his intestinal canal with various qualities of fire water, in order, to keep the "inimy" out of his strong hold. Loaded to the muzzle with todies, he sallied forth to see that the lower end of the Rampart street was properly secured; and as he walked, or rather slid along, his soul became fired with enthusiasm, at once military and religious. "Och, they'd stales the robes and the crosses, and thrample on the vistinins, the blood thirsty villains! The mermaidonds ov that ould shoot ov Satan, the one legged Santa! Av I had an armful ov'em, I'd annihilate thim, the wolfsowled hounds."

Thus did Jimmy Gowan deliver himself of his wrath, until he was suddenly brought to a stand by the appearance of an individual in a shaggy coat and a slouched hat, who was standing against a white-washed board fence.

"That looks like one of the Mexican thafes of the world," said Jimmy, confidently to himself, "an, I'll jist give him a polthouge by way of an introduction." But as Jimmy advanced, the figure receded—when he ran, the figure ran also; and when he shook his fist, the mysterious ruffian menaced him in return. Jimmy halted for an instant and standing directly opposite his enemy,

"Now, jist kape yerself where ye are, an' if yer a man, I'll whale ye in two minutes by the watch!"

The figure made no reply, but when Jimmy, whose blood was up, spread himself for a knock down argument, the figure threw itself into an attitude that would have brought tears into the eyes of Bendigo. At his opponent Jimmy ran full tilt and in an instant he found himself sprawling in the gutter. His shout of murder, arson, robbers and bigamy, brought the watchman to his rescue; and as Charley raised him up, Jimmy's opponent rose up also.

"Let me give him one more for the love of ould Ireland," said Jimmy, struggling to free himself from the anaconda coil of the watchman's arms.

"Give who?" inquired Charley.

"That incarnate devil there—don't ye see how he's shaking his fist widin two feet of me face?"

"Come along with me, covey; yer must ha' been werry much intossicated for to go and fight yer own shadow for one of the B'hoys."

"Who did ye say it was?"

"It was yer shadder, I tell ye—and for kickin' up this bobbery yer must go to the watch-house."

"D'ye think I knocked the shadow down?"

"In coorse ye did, and yerself at the same time!"

"Now darlint, be aisy—don't pull me an' I'll be as gentle as a suckin' ram.—It's meself that's killed two stones wid one bird, this blessed night of Washington's birth day! They may put me in the calaboose an' be d——d to 'em! for it's not one man out of ten that has spunk enough to fight his own shadow."

GENERAL PUTNAM.

DURING the war in Canada, between the French and English, when General Amherst was marching across the country to Canada, the army coming to one of the lakes which they were obliged to pass, found the French had an armed vessel of twelve guns upon it. The general was in great distress, his boats were no match for her, and she alone was capable of sinking his whole army, in the situation in which it was placed. While he was pondering on what should be done, General Putnam came to him, and said, "General, that ship must be taken." "Ay," says Amherst, "I would give the world she was taken." "I'll take her," says Putnam. Amherst smiled, and asked how? "Give me some wedges, a beetle (a large wooden hammer or mallet used for driving wedges), and a few men of my own choice." Amherst could not conceive how an armed vessel was to be taken by four or five men, a beetle, and wedges. However, he granted Putnam's request. When night came, Putnam, with his materials and men, stole quietly in a boat under the vessel's stern, and in an instant drove in the wedges behind the rudder, in the little cavity between the rudder and the ship, and left her. In the morning, the sail were seen fluttering about, she was adrift in the middle of the lake, and being presently blown ashore, was easily taken.

THE SILVER HOOK.

DOCTOR FRANKLIN observing one day a hearty young fellow whom he knew to be an extraordinary blacksmith, sitting on the wharf bobbing for little mudeats and cels, he called to him, "Ah, Tom, what a pity 'tis you cannot fish with a silver hook." The young man replied, "he was not able to fish with a silver hook."—Some days after this, the Doctor passing that way, saw Tom out at the end of the wharf again with his long pole bending over the flood—"What, Tom?" cried the Doctor, "have you got the silver hook yet?" "God bless you, Doctor," cried the blacksmith, "I am hardly able to fish with an iron hook." "Poh! poh!" replied the Doctor, "go home to your anvil, and you will make silver enough in one day to buy more and better fish than you can catch here in a month."

DRESS.

It must be rather a humbling thought to those that are fond of dress, to consider that the respect they obtain is not paid to them but to their clothes.

I once heard that a gentleman's servant, of the name of Simon, who was considered silly, was found bowing and scraping to his master's wardrobe. His master asked him how he could be such a fool as to act in so silly a manner. "For the matter of that," replied Simon, "I'm not a greater fool than my neighbors, for they all bow to a hand-some suit of clothes, and turn up their noses at a suit that is threadbare. If you doubt this, master, let me put on your clothes, and you dress in mine, and we will go and seek our fortunes together, and see who will have the most respect paid to him." The gentleman by no means relished this proposal, and was often heard to say afterwards, that silly Simon was one of the shrewdest men he had about his premises.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

WHEN Charles the Second, chartered the Royal Society, it is narrated of him that he was disposed to give the philosophers a royal, but at the same time a wholesome lecture:

"Why is it, my lords and gentleman," said he, "that if you fill a vessel with water to the very brim so that it will not hold a single drop more, yet, putting a turbot into the water, it shall not overflow the vessel?" Many were the sage conjectures: that the fish would drink as much water as compensated for his own bulk—that he condensed the water to that amount—that the air bladder had something to do with the phenomena—and a hundred others, which were propounded and abandoned in their turn, much to the amusement of the merry monarch. At length Mr. Wren (afterwards Sir Christopher) modestly asked, "But is your Majesty sure that such would be the case?" "Aye, there," exclaimed his Majesty, laughing, "you have it; always, gentlemen, find out if a thing be true, before you proceed to account for it; then I shall not be ashamed of the charter I have given you."

As an honest seaman, who had just come into port, was taking a stroll in the country, he saw a bull dashing furiously along the road, directly toward him, and according to the custom of the animal, when under full speed, with his tail straight out behind him. "Bull ahoy!" roared Jack, making a speaking trumpet of his hand, "case off your span-

ker sheet, there, you lubberly son of a cow, or you'll be afool of me." The bull paid no attention to the warning of the sailor, and the next moment Jack was rolling in the dirt. "There I know'd it!" said the enraged tar, gathering himself up, "I told you, you would run afool me?"

A YOUNG minister in a country parish, who prided himself on speaking the purest English, told his servant to *extinguish* the candle. "What's your will, sir," said Jenny. "Put out the candle," said the minister. A few days after, when he entertaining some friends at dinner, Jenny asked him if she should *extinguish* the cat.

"So here I am, between two tailors," cried a beau at a public table where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just commenced business for themselves. "True," was the reply, "we are beginners, and can only afford to keep one *goose* between us."

"My wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jocose old fellow, at the same time casting a mischievous glance at her. "Before rising in the morning, she says, 'O, dear I must get up, but I don't want to.' After breakfast, she adds, 'Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to,' and she goes to bed, saying, 'There, I have been passing all the day, and haven't done anything.'"

PITHY.—Poetry is the flower of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes and meat. Satire is the aquafortis. Wit is the spice and pepper.—Love letters are the honey and sugar. Letters containing remittances, are the apple dumplings.—*Yankee Blade*.

"SAM, parse debt." "Debt is a common noun, oppressive mood, and dreadful case." "That'll do. Go to the head."

HOPE.—A sentiment exhibited in the wag of a dog's tail, when he is waiting for a bone.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

I. A. R. Florida, Ms. \$1.00; S. J. N. Big Brook, Ms. \$1.00; D. D. Southville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Salubrin, N. Y. \$1.00; E. G. P. Deer River, N. Y. \$3.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, in Christ Church, by the Rev. I. H. Tuttle, Mr. Isaac Dayton, Esq. to Miss Emmeline, daughter of Robert A. Barnard, of this city.

At Livingston, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Augustus Wackerhagen, Capt. D. L. Stark, to Miss Mary Jane, daughter of John H. Potts, Esq. of the same place.

In Germantown, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. J. Boyd, Mr. William W. Clum, to Miss Jennett W. Smith, both of New-York city.

In Nantucket, on the 3d inst. Mr. Asa B. Hutchinson, (of the "Hutchinson family," to Miss Elizabeth B. Chase, of Nantucket.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 7th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Rowland, aged 61 years.

At Hillsdale, on the 11th inst. Thaddeus Reed, Esq. in the 67th year of his age.

At Red Hook, on the 8th inst. Ebenezer Punderson, in his 85th year.

At his residence in Ghent, after a short illness, Henry Skinkie aged 88 years.

On the 16th inst. Juliet, daughter of Lewis and Caroline Best, aged 1 year and 10 months.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

Leaves from an Unpublished Poem.

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

Number Two.

THE HOPELESS.

Oh! he in whose hard-fated mind,
No hope of future joy has shined;
Whose lines of vision never go,
Beyond the present's lagging woe;
Or if a wider view presume,
Are only lost in deeper gloom!—
Oh, such have claims on pity's ear,
And legacies in mercy's tear,
Which to the captive are denied,
Who, in his manhood's strength and pride,
Leaves kindred hearts and cherished home,
For dungeons damp and sickly gloom,—
If from the walls that fence him in,
From outward life's continuous din,
He can descry the bended bow
Of promise spanning all his woe.

Sherman, N. Y. 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

OUR HOME.

"Would that the loved ones were with us still,"
Anonymous.

Oh, lovely was our happy home, with its summer wreaths of green,
And there bright flowing streamlets made more beautiful the scene;
The violet and the daisy, fair bending 'neath our feet,
In deep and thrilling eloquence, with us held converse sweet.

O lovely was our happy home, the pure in heart were there,
The bright-browed and the beautiful, the innocent and fair,
And glad and joyous were the songs that we together sung,
In the shady groves and forests green, and the echoing hills among.

O lovely was our happy home, at evening's pensive hour,
When the silvery moonbeams gently slept in the waving forest bower;
To wander forth amid those scenes, where dew-drops glitter there,
Would calm the weary, restless heart, and soothe the brow of care.

But our lovely home is lonely now, the song of gladness still
And visions dim of by-gone years, brood o'er the lovely hill;
The flowers droop in solitude, neglected o'er the stream,
And the memory of the past, seems but the echo of a dream.

Though summer wears her wreaths of green, as pure as e'er
she wore—
Though her flowers of blue are still the same as when in days
of yore—

Yet I sorrow for the beautiful, and its charm with me is o'er;
The pure in heart are past away—they are gone and come no more.

Yes, she the pure and gentle one, whose meek and sainted
brow

Told that her home was not on earth—in quiet resteth now,
Her pure mild eyes are calmly closed, that voice of music
hushed,

That like yon rivulet's gentle flow in melody once gushed.

And he o'er whom the autumn wind now sighs with mourn-
ful wail,

Drooped slowly, day by day, we saw his manly cheek turn
pale;

He has past away, that bright-browed one, and we are left to
weep,

For those radiant eyes are calmly closed in death's last dream-
less sleep.

Now a dark cloud has come o'er our home, which time can
ne'er dispel,

For a blight from the spoiler's icy wing, on our fairest flower
has fell,

And faded its charms in their purest glow—that silvery voice
is still,
Whose tones of gladsome melody were wont our hearts to
thrill.

We mourn for that peerless blossom, cut down in tender
bloom,

For in childhood's purest innocence we laid him in the tomb.
The lovely, bright and cherished ones, now calmly sleep be-
neath,

With autumn's pale and withered flowers, and summer's
faded wreath.

The radiant stars look gently down from their blue home on
high,

The dew-drops tremble in the light of the pale moon's pensive
eye,

The purple daisy bendeth there, with pure and starry brow,
And the wild bird sings her plaintive song, on the willow's
weeping bough.

Although the tall grass mournfully waves, and the fragrant
summer rose's

Leaves, may shower o'er the lovely mound where the forms
of the loved repose;—

'Tis but the casket which lieth there—the gem was not of
earth,

It has gone where the rainbow fadeth not, and angels know
its worth!

I see afar our lovelier home, and those voices are blending
there,

And to me they come in echoes faint on t' a stilly evening
air,

And the melody pure of that distant land each night still
deeper grows,

And they whisper, "O come where the flowers fade not, and
the weary in bliss repose."

It is there the broken circle shall be renewed again,
And the kindred ties that here were riven, be bound in one
bright chain,

Where no withering blight, no autumn's-breath, o'er those
peerless flowers shall come,

We'll meet the dearly loved and lost, in a purer lovelier
home.

Westfield, N. Y. 1847.

M. F. B.

For the Rural Repository.

MOUNT MERINO.

SOUTH of the city, full a mile from where I live,
Does Mount Merino raise its shaggy form,
The Hudson winds around the shore, wetting its base,
Reflected on the stream in cone-like shape.

Trees of an hundred years do stand upon its summit,
Their olden branches bowing to the wind,

Holding sweet converse with the distant pines, that crown
A neighboring hill; across the flowing stream,

A road winds round its slanting sides, toward its top,
And as we wend our way through the green boughs,

Where falls the sunshine, weaving shadows o'er our path,
We see the turrets of the distant city,

Gleaming in the sun, like silvery spires in fairy land.
Before us 'gainst the summer sky, behold

The Catskills rearing into heaven their dark blue peaks,
Now wrapt in clouds, and now in sunshine robed,

Sometimes the clink of ringing hammers, and the sound
Of strife and labor from the far off city

Borne on the breeze across the silent bay,
Doth greet our ears—but often more we hear,

The busy hum of the love-working housewife bee,
As winging on from wild wood flower, to flower,

She sips the honied sweets and loaded homeward flies.
The squirrel with its chattering notes is heard,

The oriole's warble, and the red-bird's call,
And better still the robin's song of joy.

On the river do we see the dusky vessels,
With snowy sails and drowsy crew, glide by,

And now a noble steamer, with the heavy smoke
Pouring in clouds from its high pipes, sweeps past,

Cleaving the water as a swallow parts the air,
Leaving a wake of white and sparkling foam.

'Tis gone—and now a raft of logs float idly on,
In lazy ease, with the slow current borne,

And we do hear the whistle of the ebony cook,
As with his feet in the cool water, he

Doth sit and sun himself.

But we may look in vain,

For the dark Indian in his bark canoe,
No more will his paddle lightly kiss the waters;
His boat no more will glide across the bay,

Nor will the dusky maid, in gentle moonlight hours,
Beside the bubbling spring, with beating heart,

Wait her young warrior's coming. They are gone
Like shadows of the summer clouds on earth,

Mourning in noble sullen grief, their race destroyed,
Their names a memory, their graves forgot.

May, 1847.

BARRY GRAY.

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